

David Gray, Can't Get Through

Three tower blocks glinting
in the midday sun.
Two ice cubes melting
in a glass of white rum.
Head for the places that
I've never gone.
(I can't get through to myself.
Just can't get through to myself.)
Eight beggars choking
on a slice of red pie.
Two rivers freezing
in a broken goodbye.
No hesitation,
just a kick in the eye.
(I can't get through to myself.
Just can't get through to myself.)
And we do alot of learning
everyday or so it seems
but the road it keeps turning
and I'm right back here again.
Blue leather jacket and a helium voice.
(I can't get through to myself.)
My head is reeling from too much choice.
(I can't get through to myself.
I can't get through to myself.
Just can't get through to myself... etc)